### **VOLUME XVL-NUMBER 3.8**

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1872.

WHOLE NUMBER, 783.

mantle-piece, and a bumper of port in his paw, making strenuous efforts to accomplish a ditty.

"My dear uncle," said I, closing the door gently, and approaching him with the blandest of smiles, "you are always so very kind and considerate, and have evinced your benevolence in so many—so very many ways—that—that I feel I have only to suggest this little point to you once more to make sure your acquiescence."

"Hey!" said he; "good boy! go on!"

"I am sure, dearest uncle, (you confounded old rascal!) that you have no design, really, seriously, to oppose my union with Kate. This is merely a joke of yours, I know—ha! ha! ha!—how very pleasant you are at times."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said he; "enrse yon—yes!"

"To be sure—of course! I knew you were jesting. Now, uncle, all that Kate and myself wish at present, is that you would oblige us with your advice as—as regards the time—you know, uncle—in short, when will it be most convenient for yourself, that the wedding shaM—shall—shall

cle—in short, when will it be most convenient for yourself, that the wedding shall—shall—shall come off, you know!"

"Come off, you scoundre!!—what do you mean by that? Better wait till it goes on."

"Ha, ha, ha!—he, he, -bi, hi, hi!—ho, ho, ho!—hu, hu, hu!—oh, that's good!—oh, that'a capital—sack wit! But all we want just sow, you know, uncle, is that you would indicate the time precisely."

"Ha!—precisely!"

"Yes, uncle—that is, if it would be quite agreeable to vourself."

and—
Pratt.—Whist, my dear fellow—you forgot.
To-morrow will be Sunday. Some other evening.—

Help, hal, hal—he, he, he!—hi, hi, hi!—ho, ho
hol—hu, hu, hul—do, that's good!—ob, that's
capital—sack wit! But all we want just sore
time precisely: "
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Choice Softey.

(From the Allian, 19 Adoption of the Control of State of State of the Control of State of State of State of the Control of State of St Smilherton.—"Yes, just one year to a fraction.
You will remember, Mr. Rumgudgeon, that I called with Captain Pratt on this very day, last year, to pay my parting respects."

\*\*Uncle.—Yes, yes, yes—I remember it very well—very queer, indeed! Both ofyon gone just one year. A very strange coincidence, indeed! Just what Doctor Double L. Dee would denominate an extraordinary concurrence of events. Doctor Double—\*

\*\*Kate.—[Interrupting.] To be sure, papa, it is something strange, but then Captain Pratt and Captain Smitherton dioin't go altogether the same route, and that makes a difference, you know.

\*\*Uncle.—I don't know any such thing, you huzzy! How should I? I think it only makes the matter more remarkable. Doctor Double L. Dee—\*

\*\*Kate.—Why, papa, Captain Pratt went round Capt Horn, and Captain Smitherton doubled the Other went west, you jade, and they both have gone quite round the world. By the by, Doctor Double L. Dee—\*

\*\*Myself.—[hurriedly.] Captain Pratt, you must come and spend the evening with us to-morrow—you and Smitherton—you can tell us all about your voyage, and we'll have a game of whist, and—\*

\*\*Pratt.—Whist, my dear fellow—you forgot.\*\*

\*\*To A wave.\*\*

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\*\*Pratt.—Whist, my dear

Has thou tales to tell of the pearl-lit deep, Where the wave-whelmed mariner rocks in sleep I Canet thou speak of navise that ank in price. Ere the roll of their thunder in echo died I What trophies , what hanners, are floating free, In the shadowy depths of that alient sea I

It were vain to ask, as thou rollest afar, Of banner or mariner, ship or star; It were vain to seek in five stormy face Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace: a non art sweiting high, thou art flashing free, How vain are the questions we sak of thee.

I too am a wave of the stormy sea:
I too am a wanderer, driven like thee:
I too am seeking a distant land.
To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand;
For the land I seek is a waveless above.
And they who once reach it shall wander no more.

There died but a few days since, at the County Infirmary, unattended save by those whose official duty it was to render such services as they might deem proper, one in whose life and past history are many points worthy of reference in this public manner. This was a man of more than 80 winters, whose name was John Miller, and whose mind, long since, became so enfeebled as to render it incumbent upon his friends, now removed to a distant State, to place him in some institution of the above character, for safe keeping. In his prime, Mr. Miller was editorially connected with one of the most influential papers in the neighboring State of Pennsylvania. He was at one time an extensive holder of real estate in the same State, according to our information, and lived in ease and comfort, surrounded by numerons friends. After that period, however, the old, old story, of financial complications and business reverses, might be applied to his case, and, as a result, his mind became broken, and his downward course continued to a once unlooked for termination, as we have seen. The man who counted his acres by the hundred, and his wealth by the tens of thousands, died in a County poor house, the object of charity in one sense at least.—Springfield (O.) Advertiser.

Mrs. SOUTHWORTH, the novelint, is thus chattered about: "Tallish in figure, with full forehead, well balanced head, thoughtful gray eyes, and a face denoting intellect of the deliberate, reasoning kind, she seems likelier to be a writer of the Martineau order than of the imaginative style. She has two children: Dr. Richard J. Southworth, a much esteemed physician of Georgetown, and Chariotte Emma Lawrence, the wife of Dr. James V. Lawrence, an officer in the United States army."

THERE years ago, a Gloucester lady made her husband prunise that be would give her each day all the five cent pieces he had in his pocket, and on his birthday, a few days since, she surprised him by making him a present of a handsone gold watch, coating upward of \$100, which she had purchase

### PELEG WALES AT CHAPPAQUA. CHAPPAQUA, N. Y., June 10.

CHAPPAQUA, N. Y., June 10.

I still linger.

I have left Aunt Lois's, and taken rooms (an attic parlor) at the Chappaqua hotel, close to Greeley's house.

I was attracted into his orchard yesterday afternoon by a queer looking crowd moving around among the treea, and soon discovered the great philanthropist, perched in an apple-tree in the centre, with boxing gloves on, talking to the andience below. I laquired of one of the bystanders why he wore boxing gloves. "Sh—" was the answer, "them ain't boxin'-gloves; his hands is blistered party bal—choppin' ever since the convention. Them's poultices." I noticed that he held his ax with his elbow a good deal—all the time.

He talked most of the forenoon to himself, only speaking to others when he was interrupted. "The only way to prune trees properly is to head 'em in!" and be crept sround and lopped off all the sprouts that shot up above the main branches. "Head 'em in! In that way you keep your trees symmetrical, and they expend their vigor close to the ground. So many write on horticulture who don't know anything about it! Cut off the saplings, and you retain the vital forces. Head 'em in!"

Among the spectators gathered under the frees.

### THE OLD MANNY'S LABERT. DT HADGARST E. BANGSTER.

# OBITUARY EXTRAORDINARY.

PRINCY WARRY AT CRAPAGE.

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